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THE
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL;

WITH OTHER POEMS.

BY DAVID MALLOCK, A.M.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

NEW-YORK :
WILLIAM STODART,
No. 6 Courtlandt-street.

1833.



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THE
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.
PART I.

Revised 27 June 40 7 little

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PREFACE.

It may be proper to state, that the following Poem, on the Immortality of the Soul, was read in the University of Edinburgh, Session 1826-27, having been successful in competition with others on the same subject. Had the Author followed the dictates of self-esteem, rather than of prudence, he might long ere now have given it to the public; but a consciousness of the greatness of the subject, and a knowledge of the weakness of many parts of the Poem, as it originally stood, conjoined with the hope of being able, in maturer years, to render it more worthy of public notice, have deferred its appearance till now.

Should the Author, however, in the estimation of the candid and the discerning, still be deemed to have failed in his object, (for he is well aware that the mirror of self-love too frequently returns a false reflection,) the erroneousness of private judgment may perhaps meet with gentle treatment, upon the recollection that the innate grandeur of the subject can suffer no eclipse from the dim shadowings of his weakness.

London, April 3d, 1832.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with the supposition of Annihilation after death.—The feelings arising from such a supposition attempted to be portrayed by an apostrophic burst of the Soul, in which are depicted the bold and sublime features of Nature.—Reason invoked to dispel the horror of such a Doctrine.—An address to the Deity.

FIRST ARGUMENT.

The universal belief of Immortality.

Scene:—THE EAST.—Vale of Cashmere.—Worship described.—Caucasus and Himmaluh.—Doctrines of Zoroaster.—Mode of worship depicted.—India beyond the Ganges.—Siam.—Hindostan.—Doctrines of Bramah illustrated by a Hindoo mother presenting her child as an offering to the sacred river.—Suttee.—Voluntary death of a Brahmin.—Agra and Delhi.—Their plains ensanguined by the fanaticism of Idol worship.

Scene:—THE WEST.—The palmy isles of the Pacific.—Mode of worship described.—Conclusion of the Argument.—Inference, Immortality.

SECOND ARGUMENT.

Monumental Remembrances.

Sequestered burying ground described.—Nature introduced as a Mourner.—Human Love apostrophised.—The Cypress-tree, an emblem of Immortality.—The brutal tribes contrasted with man, in respect of their short-lived reminiscences.—Conclusion of the Argument.—Inference, the same,

THIRD ARGUMENT:

The Love of Fame.

Invocation.—The Spirit of the Past.—Youthful feelings, arising from the contemplation of the illustrious Dead, developed.—Character of Epaminondas.—Egypt.—Her fallen grandeur bewailed.—Palmyra.—Her state of splendour delineated.—Scene changed :—Her sublimity in ruin apostrophised.—The greatness of her fall illustrated by the everlasting sleep of her Weeping Fountain.—Twofold inference.—Contemplation of her ruins exciting in the Soul a lofty consciousness of its own powers, and secondly, showing the hopes of Immortality in the minds of those who erected these Edifices, by means of which they hoped to extend their Existence through future ages.

FOURTH ARGUMENT.

The delight which the Mind feels in picturing ideal scenes of Purity and Bliss, pointing to a higher state of Existence.

The birth of Time.—Allusion to the golden Age of the Poets.—Elysium.—Inference, Immortality.

FIFTH ARGUMENT.

The Unity and Immateriality of Mind.

Close sympathy between the body and the mind, illustrated by streams running from the same fountain.—The separate existence of the Soul exemplified by the Musician and his harp.—The frequent expansion of the Soul at Death, proving its immateriality.—Its activity in dreaming.—Its unity inferred from a contrary supposition.—Apostrophe.—Conclusion of Part the First.

THE
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

PART I.

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

DELUSIVE Hopes, farewell ! Alas ! no more
Can your bright visions flatter as before :
Fleeting as dreams—their glories could not last ;
Baseless as clouds—their airy reign is past.

Oh, dreadful presage ! are the skiey tow'rs
Of High Thought levell'd, and Death's sterile bow'rs
Cull'd of their roses, by this fearful doom—
Man's heaven-born Soul, must perish in the tomb ?
Erewhile, methought I could serenely lay
My limbs to rest, and breathe my life away ;
Upon the dying pillow lean my head,
And calmly sink among the voiceless Dead :
For I had deem'd, my nobler part would rise,
On wings of pow'r, beyond the starry skies,
And still speed onward with a Seraph's flight,
Until it bask'd in uncreated light.

Vain are these hopes, if such the Spirit's doom—
Death its award,—its dwelling place, the tomb!

Ye blindly Wise, who boldly dare to say,
The parting soul must perish with the clay;
Who deem Divine Philosophy your own,
Yet trample thus upon her radiant throne;
Who call the Wise—the Weak—the Proud—the Free,
Those bound in chains—the Sons of Liberty;
Who boast that o'er the lowly Crowd ye rise,
Yet thus unplume a Native of the skies!
Ye vainly Great! O! mark the gath'ring gloom,
Your earth-born wisdom flings around the tomb!

So might the parting Spirit greet our ear,
When the dark hour of Endless Night drew near!
And Earth receding from her swimming eye,
Hopeless, she sunk in Death's cold agony!

“ And must I perish—must the cruel Grave
Gorge my existence, pitiless to save,
And whelm my being in the dread abyss
Of Death eternal—endless Nothingness?
Oh! thus to linger! one reviving breath,—
I live again!—alas! can this be death?
Life, Hope, farewell! it is!—I feel even now
Cold carnal damps stand thick upon my brow!
Borne from the regions of the glowing Day,
In endless Night I sink—away—away!

Farewell, ye glorious Heavens,—intense in brightness !
Ye Clouds all gorgeous,—bas'd in snowy whiteness !
Sailing like islands of the Blest on high,
O'er the calm ocean of yon crystal sky ;—
Thou radiant Fountain of all Beauty, too,
Thee I must leave—God of the day, adieu !
Ye silver Stars—coursers of the Most High,
Running your race of swiftness through the sky,
Nightly, with silent feet—'dewing your track
With milky splendour, and shedding far back
Through Ether's solitudes, in numerous streams
Of liquid radiance, which, like light in dreams
That vision heaven, o'ermaster the frail sense
So wild they shine—they sparkle so intense !
And thou, soul-melting Moon, with thy pale ray
Mellowing the fiercer tints of golden day,
And, with the soften'd lustre of thy face,
Gilding the blue dome of eternal Space ;
Chaste Moon, farewell ! Thee, too, Dedalian Earth—
Thee I must leave, huge cradle of my birth !
By spirits rock'd, that chaunt life's lullaby
In the immortal music of the sky !—
Spher'd World, adieu ! with thy fair garniture
Of Nature's working, that shall still endure ;
Eternal pyramids—cloud-cleaving Mountains !
Mirrors translucent—ever-swelling Fountains !
Green Harps of Heaven's wild music,—waving Woods,
That sooth with airy notes your solitudes !—

Realms of the virgin lilies—lowly Vales,
Tho' subject, beauteous—where the love-sick gales
Linger, to kiss away the dewy tears
Of your sweet Natives, when the dawn appears!
Nature's calm chambers, deep Dells, gloomy Bow'rs,
With your still people—incense-breathing Flow'rs,
That pale and blush in their own mute recess,
While gazing on each other's loveliness!—
Rivers majestic! through the vales that glide
To lose your waters in the rolling Tide;
Crowning your verdured banks with endless flow'rs,
And sending gladness through this world of ours,
Down from yon mountain's snow-crown'd pinnacle,
Strong in your might, majestic Streams, farewell!—
Thou boundless Ocean—floor of Nature's dome,
King of all floods, their parent and their home!
Mirror of Heaven, where its bright hosts behold
Their forms reflected, bathed in trembling gold;
Young in eternal strength, thou still shalt roll
Thy giant waters on from Pole to Pole,
Girdling the world with thy deep zone of blue,
Ocean! thou last of things, adieu—adieu!"

If, from the blissful realms of golden Day
The Spirit thus be doom'd to pass away;
If in such anguish, such appalling fears,
Must end the round of sorrow-circled years;
O! Life, what art thou? what thy brightest beam?
A meteor flash—a lightning-winged dream!

Bind with the shady wreath the sunny brow,
And for the Myrtle, take the Cypress bough;
Quench the bland lustre of the laughing eye—
Hope! droop thy wings, THOU too art doom'd to die.

Hail! Guiding Light, o'er life's tempestuous sea
Unsetting Star! we gladly turn to thee!
Transcendent Intellect! thy holy ray
Shall chase the gloom of impious Doubt away,
And 'mid the closing darkness of the tomb,
The flickering lamp of faith shall re-illuminate!

O! may that Spirit, whose bright resting-place
Is the blue temple of unbounded space,
Whose breath enkindled those eternal fires
That gem Heaven's azure halls when day expires;
Who bade our starry train in pomp arise,
And sweep majestic round the circling skies;
Fountain of Being—endless Source of Love,
Shed o'er this heart meet influence from above,
Such that the Spirit, borne on wings of pow'r,
Rising, may claim her everlasting dower;
And like the Sun's own bird exulting cry,
"Earth gave me birth,—my home is in the sky."

If then we deem th' immortal Spirit must
Sink with its frail companion in the dust;
Or, like the golden mist that veils the morn,
Dissolve away as soon as it is born;

Whence, Thou Dark Doubting One—say, whence arise
In every breast such longings for the skies?

Wing thy bold flight around the Dedal world,
Where'er the Sun his banner has unfurl'd,
And with his host of glittering beams hath driven
The shades of night beyond the cope of heaven;
Fly to the East—the realms of silver Light,
Where Day springs rosy from the arms of Night;
See! 'mid the scented vales of sweet Cashmere,
Where fadeless roses blossom through the year,
And cloudless skies by day, and starry nights,
Still prompt the gladdened Soul to new delights,
And, Siren-like, invite her still to stay,
An erring wand'rer on her viewless way;
Strong in her in-born virtue, see! she springs
Aloft, and heaven-ward spreads her glittering wings!
No more shall Ahriman the sceptre wield—
Shiver'd his fiery sword, and magic shield;
Ormuzd alone in lasting light shall reign,
And cleanse the earth-born Soul from every stain!

Hark! from the summits of yon mountains blue—
Of lofty Caucasus, or Himmaluh;
Altars resplendent, of that gorgeous dome
Which the rapt Spirit finds her native home!
Melodious accents greet the list'ning ear,
Like rippling waves, when summer suns appear—

So soft the swell—upborne they mount on high,
And enter Mithras' palace in the sky;
Sooth'd is the God—his starry legions rise
From blest repose, and glance along the skies :
Bright are their deeds, but viewless are their forms ;—
They rule the day, and shelter it from storms ;
Meanwhile, in Passion's ever-wakeful ear,
Hope whispers peace—" Thou shalt not perish here ;
But when Life's ling'ring years their race have run,
Then shalt thou dwell with Mithras in the sun !"

Pierce the dread gloom of woods that shadows o'er
India's vast plains, or Siam's spicy shore ;
Yes ! 'mid these deep recesses shalt thou find
Beings who boast of an Immortal Mind ;
Who, 'neath the umbrage of some giant tree,
To gods mis-shapen bow the trembling knee,
And breathe a prayer for Immortality !

See ! by the banks of Ganges' holy wave,
Whose sacred streams enrich the fields they lave,
See ! issuing from yon palmy grove that rears
On high, the branchings of a thousand years,
And casts its shadow o'er the azure plain
Which rolls its snowy tribute to the main,
Yon solemn pomp—Amid the sounding throng,
Slow as a wearied cloud, is borne along
The Hindoo Mother ; all her strugglings past,
Nature subdued, her heaven she gains at last.

Lo ! by her side, embedded 'mong bright flow'rs,
Such as unfading bloom in Betah's bow'rs,
A rosy child appears, whose sparkling eye
Mocks the rich lustre of an Indian sky,—
Smiles on her placid face, and seems to say,
“How my soul yearns to thee this blessed day,
Fountain of life ! Let these weak arms entwine
Thy form, as doth the elm, the drooping vine.
Bright is the sky, unshaken is the tree,
Yet still this boding heart would turn to thee.”
Vain the appeal ; “To holy Bramah thou,
Child of my tears, art consecrated now.”

Lo ! on the bosom of the waters laid,
Soon, soon, it sinks in everlasting shade.
And yet, if natural things, which ebb and flow,
Might e'er be deemed to weep at human wo,
The sobbing stream might charm the babe to rest,
Folding its robe of azure round his breast,
And, ere its waters still'd upon his grave,
Might mourn the Innocent it could not save !
Balm to the mother's grief—the God has given
Her child a home beside himself in heaven.
The spouseless Widow, with a tearful smile,
Clasps to her breast her partner on the pile ;
And, 'mid the billows of devouring flame,
Expires exultant, breathing forth his name.
The thousand dangers of life's voyage—o'er,
In Scheevah's bow'rs they meet—to part no more.

The high-soul'd Brahmin spurns his home of clay,
Breaks its weak walls, and soars to endless day!

Ask Agra steeps, or Delhi's whit'ning plains,
Where the dread Power of Superstition reigns?
Ask why the flow'ry sod is sprinkled o'er
With purpled dew-drops and ensanguin'd gore?
'Tis there the starry pathway of the skies
Leads with broad sweep to sainted Paradise.

Tend thy wild flight to the far distant West,
Where the fierce day-star sinks into his rest,
And paves with golden light the lucent sea,
Whose peaceful waters slumber silently
Round the green shores of many a palmy isle,
Which o'er its azure breast is seen to smile—
Each, in its verdurous beauty, a fair gem
In deep-empurpled Ocean's diadem.

Yes! though embosom'd in the lonely deep,
Unknown to Science in her circling sweep—
Yes! even here, Bold Doubter, shalt thou find
Illustrious traces of Immortal Mind:
Here vows are made, here pray'rs ascend to forms
That guard the wat'ry wilderness from storms;
While from the deep Morai's central gloom,
The chainless Soul, exulting, mocks the tomb.
Circle, on soaring wing, this rounded Sphere,
Where Winter wields his storms through half the year,

Where rosy Spring, with all her blooming train,
Brings the Elysian ages back again ;
Where radiant Summer ne'er is seen to set,
Nor Autumn with her golden coronet :
Still in each region—still in every clime,
Man's spirit spurns the narrowing bounds of Time ;
And, like the tow'ring Condor, loves to rise
O'er the low earth, and soar along the skies.

See, through the branchings of these clust'ring trees,
Which wave their emerald tresses in the breeze,
How calmy beautiful, how mildly bright,
Its shaft it rears, embathed in mellowed light—
YON MONUMENTAL MARBLE ! Nature's tears
Have dimm'd the radiance of its primal years.

And, have the Heavens alone bewailed the doom
Of Beauty sleeping in that lonely tomb ?
And have the golden Clouds rain'd down their showers
Alone, to nourish these undrooping flowers ?
And has no human Love, with moistened eye,
Bless'd, as they pass'd, these Mourners of the sky,
And blended with their balmy drops its own,
And joy'd to think **THEY** had not wept alone ?

Yes ! o'er each grassy heap and flow'ring mound,
That marks the region of Sepulchral Ground,
Tears have been shed, and, swelling forth its grief,
The sorrow-laden heart has found relief.

Oh, holy Nature ! still most true to thee,
Our Dead we lay beneath the CYPRESS-TREE !
Emblem of Grief, and overshadowing Love,
It spreads its arms most droopingly above,
And shelters them, and whispers o'er their tomb,
“ YOUR nobler part, like MINE, shall ever bloom !”

With meteor wings thought speeds across the plain
Where barren Zarah holds her thirsty reign,
And fast and far as darts the piercing eye,
Heaves her white waves around the bending sky—
Un-navigable Sea ! when once has past
O'er its gray marge the whirling desert blast !
Here do the thousand Savages that roam
Afric's drear realms retain their fiery home.
And do they ever live ? No sign we see
“ Of dying flesh or dull mortality ;”
No turf-crowned tomb, no cypress-shaded urn,
No mark of grief to make the living mourn.
No ! these can view their frail companions yield
To death, and leave them tombless on the field.

Not so the noblest of the living race
Who wears the God imprinted on his face ;
He from unholy hands still seeks to keep
The lov'd in death—Faith cries, “ They only sleep.”

Say, whence the passion that absorbs the soul
Which pants to reach transcendent Glory's goal ?

Whence the desire of cherishing our name,
And feeding it with th' Asphodels of Fame?

Oh, wake, thou Spirit of the Past! unfold
Thy banner, blazoned with the deeds of old!
See! through the parting mists of ancient years,
Like a long line of light, thy roll appears.
Lo! on its pictured page, undimm'd by Time,
Are sainted names, in characters sublime;
And still 'mid light unfading seem to stand,
The guides and guardians of our FATHER-LAND.

When first, on Fancy's airy pinions borne,
I scal'd Life's mount, and hail'd her purple morn,
And scann'd the bright'ning heav'ns, and mark'd the skies
Expectant blush, to see the Glory rise—
Illustrious Theban! thou to me didst seem
A glorious vision in my youthful dream.
How my heart panted, 'mid the deaf'ning roar
Of cataracts thund'ring down the mountains hoar,
To think of thee—to view thee walking still
In Virtue's path—unshook the steadfast will!
Stranger to Pride, while Greece's hundred Isles
Hailed thee Deliverer; and the sunny smiles
Of her fair daughters glanced around thy brow,
Like radiant arrows from the Silver Bow,
Still, still, unmoved—"My Parents," would'st thou say,
"How joyful must **THEY** be this blessed day!
And, when upborne upon thy bloody shield,
A victor, from the carnage-covered field,

Still did thy closing lips and parting breath
Murmur forth music in the strife of death.

“Hail bright award for this untimely doom!—
Undying Thoughts, shall hover round my tomb!”

Yes! glorious Greek! through Time’s devouring years
Shall bloom thy virtues, water’d by our tears;
Yes, safe amid the shattered wrecks of Fame,
Theban! thou towerest—an IMMORTAL NAME.

Mysterious Land! where Darkness lov’d to rear
Her throne of clouds, o’er Time’s revolving year,
And vainly hop’d man’s Science-beaming eye
Might never pierce the deep gloom of her sky,
Where are thy wonders! where thy mysteries now?
Unveiled thy form—untressed thy sullen brow!
Thy hundred-gated Cities, where are they?
Thy tow’ring Domes that hail’d the purple day,
Thy Temples and thy Palaces? The blast
Of with’ring Death hath o’er thy glories pass’d,
And crumbling Piles, and Monuments alone,
Mark the sad spot where Egypt’s splendours shone.

Green Isle of Beauty, ’mid the sandy sea!
Star of the East! now would we turn to thee!
In palmy pride we view thee—snowy Tow’rs
Glance like soft moonlight through thy citron bow’rs:
Wide spreading Porticoes, where Art displays
The ripen’d glories of her golden days.

Fanes and tall Temples, where the king of Light
Enshrines his Godhead—burst upon the sight ;
Divinest forms of marble living there,
Breathe their mute thoughts upon the silent air,
And fill with preternatural Love thy halls,
Which sigh responsive from their pictur'd walls.

Hark ! through thy busy streets, the bright array,
The martial pomp proclaims the festive day,
While Beauty's shining locks and sparkling eyes
Enhance thy lustre—Palmy Paradise !
Past is the music of that fleeting dream ;—
On thy white turrets now no longer gleam
The silver arrows of that radiant Power,
Who guarded thee, and mourn'd thy falling hour.

What of thy splendour, Proudest Queen ! remains ?
Fragments thick-strewn along the sandy plains ;
Nay ! thine own FOUNTAIN, in its shadowy sleep,
O'er thy lost grandeur has forgot to weep !—
The desert-tempests of a thousand years
Have sealed the source of its embalming tears !—

And in thy ruins can we only see
The blasted hopes of cold mortality !—
Thou prostrate Beauty ! No, through rolling Time,
Thy shiver'd urn shall speak of things sublime,
And urge the lofty Soul from earth to rise,
To its enduring palace in the skies !

While on thy mould'ring columns each can trace,
Sculptur'd, the hopes of an Immortal Race!—

Fly to the cradle-home of ages—fly!—
See Time emerging from Eternity!
Fluttering his star-gemm'd pinions for the flight
Of myriad years;—and braiding, in the light
Of the young heavens, his locks of golden hue;
Then clustering vine-like, hoary, *now*, and few!

Look at the primal World, whose fragrant bow'rs
Enamoured held the ever-circling Hours;
And Spring, perpetual, in her rosy chain,
With laughing eyes, fast bound the fleeting train!

See the bright scenes which deathless Bards unfold
Through ages past—Saturnian years of gold!
When Peace and Innocence walk'd hand in hand,
And balmy influence shed, o'er every land—
When Earth, unwounded, bared her bounteous breast,
And gave the hungry, food—the weary, rest.

Dreams, glorious, golden! heaven-taught Poets sung
Your soft deliciousness, ere yet were flung
Around man's spirit, that all-dazzling light
Which blinded Death and put his shades to flight.
'Twas thus, amid Elysium's liquid plains,
Ye banished grief, and sooth'd Life's feverish pains;

'Twas thus, amid the gloom of ancient Night,
Your Spirits sprung, exultant, into light !
" Yet still the mortal and th' immortal part
Conjoin'd, must sink 'neath Death's unerring dart ;
And thus your glowing proofs must fade away,
Cloud-like, before calm Reason's brighter ray."

So speaks the Doubter—shall We tamely yield,
And, like to vanquish'd wrestlers, quit the field ?
Shall We 'neath airy strokes submit to bow,
Grief in our heart, and Shame upon our brow ?
Forbid it, holiest Hope—thou still shalt smile
On our dim way, and half our cares beguile ;
Upborne by thee, pale Unbelief we meet,
And victors, view her writhing at our feet !

Though like bright streams which from *one* fountain run,
Sparkling in light beneath the summer sun,
The Spirit and her Partner still partake
Of joy or grief, each for the other's sake ;
Though from the ruby lips soft accents flow,
When the full heart embodies forth its wo ;
Though mellowed beauty lights the laughing eye,
When Pleasure's fairy cup is sparkling high,—
These, like the notes the bland Musician flings
Harmonious, from his harp of thousand strings,
Respond in sympathy—melodious still,
The Great Enchanter tunes it at his will—

And, when his glowing fingers strike no more
The golden wires, the melody is o'er ;—
Deem not, that, 'mid the sinking billows toss'd,
The Child of Music is for ever lost,
Though still, the soundless Instrument remains ;
No longer sign of Pleasures or of Pains !
What ! were the Soul the offspring of decay,
Then would she wither with the with'ring clay ;
Yet do we find when Death himself is near,
And his grim Horrors palpably appear,
The Immortal Spirit, in the mortal strife,
Bursts the dread gloom and brightens into life !

If each were of the like material made,
Then, when this breathing World is wrapt in shade,
And Morpheus from his cloudy throne descends,
And o'er our wearied forms his wing extends,
Gemm'd with Lethean dew, which bring repose,
And all the portals of the Senses close ;
Sleep would be dreamless—the dull God would bind,
In poppi'd chains—the Body and the mind.

Mark now that radiant Bird of Paradise !
Plum'd for her flight—she gains upon the skies,
And scaling Heaven's illimitable dome,
Exults to find the Universe her home !

But if corporeal be the human Mind,
Parts there must be innumerably join'd ;

Each separate one must will, conceive, design,
This to the *right*, that to the *wrong*, incline ;
Thus, like opposing tides that rush to meet,
Swift to engage—still swifter to retreat,
Dashing on high their silver-beaming spray,
Each will proud power usurp, and none obey.
The smiling bond of Unity undone,
Discord, the realm of Peace shall overrun :
Hence then the thought, that Mind must waste away,
The subtle sport of perishable clay !
Shiver'd Life's glassy chain, the Spirit springs
From earth, and waves on high her starry wings !

Thus Reason speaks, her heaven-directed ray
Chases the shades of sceptic Doubt away,
Enkindles Hope, whose never-dying charms,
Beam on the soul in Nature's last alarms,
And o'er the pallid brow and closing eye
Pour living lustre that shall never die !

THE
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

PART II.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

HOPE of Immortality apostrophised.—Genius of Religion introduced—Allusion to those doctrines which have brought Life and Immortality to light.

SIXTH ARGUMENT.

Reflection on the combined powers of the Intellect and the Imagination, impressing us with the conviction of its Immortality.

The evolution of the feelings, emotions, and intellectual operations of the Soul, illustrated by the wellings of the desert fountain.—Address to these combined Powers.—The immutable distinction betwixt Virtue and Vice delineated.—Instance.—Caracalla.—Vastness of the Soul.—Her sounding the depths of Immensity.—Inference.—Immortality.

SEVENTH ARGUMENT.

The power of the Soul in giving life to inanimate objects, proving her own plentitude of that principle.

Summer Noon.—Moonlight Scene.—Inference.

EIGHTH ARGUMENT.

The power of Conscience.—Remorse pointing to future retribution.

Death-bed scene.—Inference.

NINTH ARGUMENT.

The progressive nature of Mind, showing its capability for eternal duration.

Natural objects depicted, each in their kind arriving at perfection.—Apostrophe to Life, on the supposition of Annihilation.—Proof of the ever-rising glories of Mind, in the prospects of Society as delineated by prophetic Bards and departed Benefactors of mankind.—Allusion to political Freedom, blended with the development of our moral Sympathies.—Desert scene.—The fall of Tyranny.—Picture at Sea.—The dying Patriarch.

TENTH ARGUMENT.

The mysterious darkness which hangs over the moral world, contrasted with the benevolence of God, forcing upon us the conclusion, that since He is Goodness this gloom will be dispelled in a future state of existence.

Combination of epithets as applied to the inferior part of the creation, proving Sublime Benevolence.—Man, alone, marring the universal joy.—Wisdom proclaims Futurity.

ELEVENTH ARGUMENT.

HOPE.

The happiness of the brutal tribes in comparison of man, on the supposition of Annihilation.—“The Pleasures of Hope.”—Inference.

TWELFTH ARGUMENT.

The unequal distribution of rewards and punishments in THIS life, having reference to ANOTHER.

Greece.—Death of Socrates.—Tribute of gratitude to the Memory of the Scottish Martyrs.—Scene among the mountains.

THIRTEENTH ARGUMENT.

"Intimations of immortality from early reminiscences."

Desert scene, illustrative of feelings which arise on the recollection of early years, when Mirth, Hope, and Innocence seem to blend their influences to brighten the scenes of Life.—Spot of early reminiscences described.—Apostrophe to the Genius of Religion!—Conclusion of Part the Second,

THE
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

PART II.

HAIL, glorious Hope ! eternal and sublime,
To rise triumphant o'er the wreck of Time !
Celestial Comforter—illustrious Guest !
Still find thy home within this troubled breast ;
Soothe it through life, and, with thy balmy breath,
Pour incense round it in the vale of Death ;
Nor leave it there, but tend the Spirit's flight,
Divine Companion ! to the realms of light !

See from afar yon starry-vested form,
That sweeps like moonlight through the misty storm,
Gath'ring new splendour as she onward flies,
Like the young Dawn that purples round the skies ;
And from her airy urn of rosy hue,
Scatters, benignant, showers of honied dew ;
While 'neath her aromatic breath, Earth's bow'rs
Ope their green halls—and wake the sleeping flow'rs,
And the white fountains, and the sounding streams,
Laugh in the light of her empurpling beams !—

Onward she moves, majestic, onward still,
Changing her course, like changing clouds, at will :
List, her melodious accents ! how they flow,
In silver gushings, on the world below !—

“ Stranger to Earth—I come, enshrin’d in light,
To pierce the gloom of man’s protracted night ;
Lone native of a holier, happier sphere,
Unsought, I come ! to gild the mental year :—
On to the goal—thy steadfast course pursue,
Still brighter scenes shall burst upon thy view ;
Till, like a lark high-soaring from the plain,
In blazing light shall end thy darkling strain.”

Celestial Visitant ! thy heavenly pow’r
Shall cheer us in Life’s darkest, stormiest hour ;
In pain and sorrow, we thy love have felt,
And at thy shrine in holy rapture knelt ;—
Yes ! while the haughty WORLD did pass us by,
With deeper love, Thou bless’d us from on high.
Yes ! cheer’d by Thee, we *will* the theme prolong,
Till light shall burst upon our ending song !—

As some pure fount, which sun-beams only kiss,
Wells forth its waters in the wilderness !
E’en so the Soul on all around, above,
Sheds the rich gushings of its deepest love !
Hopes and despairings—sympathies and fears—
Feelings of joy—and thoughts that gender tears ;—

Passion—which Life's illumin'd sky enshrouds,
Or gilds her atmosphere with golden clouds,
Form the bold features of what Doubt would deem
A fleeting shade—a most delusive dream !—

Mark how it can collect, combine, divide ;
THESE thoughts selected—THOSE are thrown aside.
Behold its attributes—how wondrous they !
Bold to resist—submissive to obey !—
Will, Reason, Conscience, hold their triple throne,
And claim the glorious kingdom as their own !—

Divine Triumvirate !—through rolling years,
Your sceptre like the Prophet's rod appears,
Green in eternal youth—nor wasting Time,
Nor chilling Doubt, nor soul-benumbing Crime,
Nor Wealth, nor Pomp, nor world-subduing Power,
Can blast the bud, or violate the flow'r !

Hail! heavenly opiate 'mid the pain, the strife,
The gloom that shades the banqueting of life,
Thou, in the reddest cup of Virtue's woes,
Minglest thy balm, and lull'st to soft repose.

Oh, vain attempt amid the battle's roar,
To drown the voice that cries for evermore !
Vain the red trophies from the gory plain,
Where rampant War exults above the slain ;

And, foulest stain on man ! with servile breath,
Nations can dare to laud the wholesale death !
Vain the bright lustre of the regal hall—
Glares the dread mandate from the storied wall !
And o'er the mantling cup, the glassy eye
Too well reveals the Spirit's agony !

Such the wild horror, such the dark dismay,
That scowl'd upon thy life's too lengthened day,
King of the thousand Isles that gem the deep,
From Stamboul's shores to Calpe's rugged steep !
The last long shriek still rung upon thine ears,
Unmellowed by the sweep of distant years :—
The daily banquet placed thee side by side
With him thou slew'st—thou blood-stain'd Fratricide.

Divine Triumvirate !—'tis thus your pow'r
Extends through life, to Nature's parting hour ;
Judges unerring ! Legates of the sky !
Thus *you* proclaim *our* Immortality !—

If the pure Spirit were a mortal thing,
Say whence the pow'r she boldly wields to fling,
In thought, aside this sin-soil'd robe of clay,
And speed like light along the skiey way ;
Rounding innumerable worlds with circling sweep,
And coursing o'er heaven's star-bespangled deep ;
Bursting the barriers of Creation's line,
With might that speaks its origin divine,

And bounding onward—onward still to fly,
Till droop her pinions in infinity?—
Pale child of Terror! from the dust arise,
Nought but a Demi-god can *mete* the skies!—

Gaze on heaven's gorgeous canopy—traverse,
On circling wing, the rounded universe;
And on the route of thy celestial way,
Mark well its splendours, and its pomp survey.

'Tis summer noon! The ethereal charioteer
Has climb'd the loftiest steep in his career,
And from his golden turret, hung on high,
Pours in full floods his radiance down the sky.
Windless the heavens—the circumambient air,
Moveless, proclaims that Mightiness is there.
Breathless the world—as with a mantling pall,
Silence, in grandeur, has envelop'd all;
Hush'd is the torrent's voice—the insect's wing,—
Death reigns—vain thought!—'tis Beauty slumbering!

Lo! from their shadowy sleep the hills arise,
A mellow'd lustre bright'ning round the skies;
Now has the orb'd Queen who rules the night
Walk'd o'er the mountains, with her silver light
Soothing the Darkness—who, in mildest mood,
Meets her caress—and deigns thus to be woo'd;—
Has the pale maiden gain'd her skiey tow'r,
That topples in the Heavens, at midnight hour—

Transcendent scene—lo ! silence deeper still
Enwraps the universe, all beautiful.

'These worldless glories,—say, do they unfold
The pow'r that moves the tiniest wing of gold?
No, they are dead ; but, prodigal, the Soul
Breathes o'er the mass, and animates the whole.
Illustrious proof !—the silence of the sky
Unfolds, proud Man ! thine Immortality,

If, when the span-length term of life be o'er,
We sink into the tomb, and are no more,
Whence, ask we—whence may the fierce pang proceed
That follows fast upon each guilty deed,
While from the bed of death are heard to rise
Groans of remorse and penitential sighs ?
'Tis conscience speaks,—the messenger who brings
Wrath in her face, and horror on her wings ;
Illumes with fiery light the fixing eye,
And sternly murmurs—IMMORTALITY !

Behold this beauteous world of all fair things :
The living weed, the shrub, the flow'r that springs
Beside the crystal streamlet in the vale ;
The forest trees—the green harps of the gale :—
These 'neath the fost'ring of th' immortal skies,
Each in their kind, to full perfection rise,

Go ! mark the unfolded flocks that freely roam
This sphere-built globe—the woods and caves their
home ;

Descend and view the Nations of the deep,
Which through its waves like clouds illumin'd sweep ;
Behold the painted People of the air,
Wheeling in free and feathery grandeur there—
The golden Children of the sunny ray,
That spring to life, and die along with day :—
These in their narrow span their end attain,
And gently mingle with the dust again—
Complete their bliss—The Everlasting Sire
The mandate gives—they sicken and expire.

Farewell, thou checquer'd chase of pain and strife !
Thou cup of tears, which men who live call Life !
Farewell thy boasted bliss, which, mantling high,
Sinks to the depths of deepest agony !
Hearts riven—hopes blasted—friendship but a name ;
Vice blazon'd by the trumpet-tongue of Fame :
Virtue—the best, the holiest gift of heaven—
Back to her native home in terror driven :—
True Love, with which the young heart gushes o'er,
Chill'd at its source, and seal'd for evermore.
Millions—(Oh, tell it not beneath the sun !—
The heavens will weep !)—Millions the sport of ONE !
These be the spots beneath thy pictur'd veil,
Thou painted Cheat ! Ay ! Truth confirms the tale.

Hail, glorious Wisdom ! hail, ecstatic Bliss !
And are your brightest visions come to this ?

Deem not, ye Impious—ye who never knew
The glowing wish, the sigh to Nature true—
Deem not that through the sunless realms of Time,
There soar'd not souls of sympathy sublime,
Who from the lofty heights of Thought could scan,
Down rolling years, far happier days for man.

Yes ! even now, methinks their songs I hear,
Prophetic, falling on my ravish'd ear ;
Mellow'd as music o'er the moon-lit deep,
When wailing winds have lull'd themselves to sleep,
And the wool-crested waves forget to roar,
Breaking in balmy murmurings round the shore.

“ Hail, happy Earth ! bright pilgrim of the skies—
Pure home of love, and love-fraught sympathies !
Alas ! too long bedimm'd with human tears,
In light resplendent now thine Orb appears ;
No longer shalt thou mourn, once bleeding World—
The starry flag of Freedom is unfurl'd.
Nor o'er the placid regions of the West,
Where the lorn Dove first found an ark to rest,
Do we now mark its glittering folds display'd :
Repose thy millions 'neath its ample shade !

Hark ! o'er the barren waste where Silence reign'd,
Or with fierce yells the ear of Night was pain'd,
Where blood-pursuing tigers held their sway,
Or desert-robbers, far more fierce than they,
Songs on the wings of Morn ascending rise,
And Evening incense wanders round the skies.

Say ! what these ruined piles—these mould'ring walls,
On which the shadowy mist of twilight falls ;
While through yon ragged archway wails the breath
Of the low night-winds mutt'ring words of death ?
“ The strong-holds these,” responds the golden Lyre,
“ Where Freedom saw proud Tyranny expire.”

Bland is the Zephyr's breath ; the hurricane
Rouses no more the terrors of the main ;
The drowsy helmsman on his watch may sleep,
So soft the gale, so tranquil is the deep ;
Nor winds nor waves the joyous bark delay—
No heart is sad—no home seems far away.
All glowing impulses, around, above,
Speak to the soul unutterable love !

Burst is the binding chain—those links are riven
Which to the depths of thousand hearts were driven ;
In conscious virtue bold, Man walks the earth
Erect, rejoicing in his second birth.

Such, sacred Wisdom!—such the holy time,
When thou shalt walk, majestic and sublime,
Around this circling world—when o'er its skies
The radiant Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
Who, in this dawn of human virtue, flings
Light from his face, and healing from his wings."

These were the songs, and this the sacred strain,
Which rose through ancient Night—nor rose in vain;
And still the lofty mind and generous heart
Expansive grew, till Fate's relentless dart,
Aim'd by that shadowy Hand which spreads the gloom
Of Death and primal Chaos round the tomb,
Struck them:—like eagles in their tow'ring flight,
They reel'd to earth, and sunk in endless night—

Hence, impious thought!—Though the dull brutes may
claim

Nought to ensure a never-dying name;
The Child of Reason may with beaming eye
Gaze on the living glories of the sky,
And feel the growing rapture, and adore,—
Since rising Mind shall live for evermore.

Look at that hoary sire, whose silver hairs
Stream'd on the breeze of his pure mountain airs,
Like lines of sun-light darting from the shroud
That veils their source, and forms the radiant cloud.

See ! as it nears—that spirit-quelling hour,
When o'er this frail frame Death exerts his pow'r—
Tranquil as balmy sleep, celestial Grace
Dwells in his heart, and brightens on his face;
And, like the broad'ning Sun that gilds the wave,
His parting soul expands upon the grave.

Prescience Divine ! that penetrates the gloom
Which Sin has spread so deeply round the tomb ;
Proclaiming loud—that, 'neath eternal day,
The bloom of Virtue ne'er shall know decay !

The *laughing* sky—the *music* of the deep ;
The *dallying* gales that o'er the meadows creep ;
The moonlight *dancing* on the waters blue ;
The morning mountains rob'd in *rosy* hue ;
The *gentle-minded* lilies—the *calm* bow'rs ;
The fragrant breath of *ever-blooming* flow'rs ;
The *droning* beetle—the *glad humming* bee ;
The frugal ant—the *equal* and the *free* ;
The gilded insects at their *airy play* ;
The small birds *warbling* on the dewy spray ;
The lark, *Monopolist* of *light* and *song* ;
The ethereal King, that *loves* to *soar* along ;
The home-stead guard, that *greet*s the opening dawn ;
The *sportive* hare that *gambols* o'er the lawn ;
The mingled *swell* of *happiness* that floats
Around, above, pour'd from a thousand throats !—

Mark well the phrases—words of love intense,
They shadow forth—**SUBLIME BENEVOLENCE !**

Say, 'mid this scene of humble Nature's joy,
Which strife of human hearts can ne'er destroy,
Why should the bitter blasts of passion rage,
From youth, to riper years and hoary age?
Why should the blessed charities of life
Bleed like the victim 'neath the murderer's knife,
By those of loftier soul and nobler mien,
Who walk like demi-gods the glowing scene?

Oh, vain demand !—Can Reason's feeblest light
Pervade the gloom that darkens primal Night?
Or can her bounded line explore the sea,
Soundless and shoreless, of Eternity?

Wisdom proclaims—" In sorrow and in tears,
Worth walks the world, and spends her hapless years ;
Pass'd the beclouded valley of her life,
Joy springs from wo, and harmony from strife."

If man were but the creature of an hour,
Awhile to bloom, and perish like the flow'r,
Most wretched of the wretched would he be—
The child of chance, the slave of apathy ;
The lowliest tribes that o'er the desert roam,
Free in their course as is the billows' foam,

Might claim o'er him pre-eminence of birth,
And walk the Masters of th' unmeasur'd earth.
Chain'd to the feelings of the present hour,
Thoughts of the dismal future have no pow'r
To break their slumbers, or disturb their rest ;
The conscious craving sated—they are blest.
Calm in their dimness—*now* they sport and play ;
A *moment* pass'd—they breathe their lives away.

Were th' Immortal Spirit like *to* this,
Prescience of Death were pain, *instead* of bliss !
But in the future purest joys are placed,—
“ Man never *is*, but always *to be* bless'd.”

Thy Pleasures, Hope ! by HIM so sweetly sung,
Who claims the golden harp and honied tongue ;
Thy Pleasures, 'mid the anguish and the gloom,
That shadow life, and hover o'er the tomb ;
Thy Pleasures, pointing still to worlds on high,
Gild the dark path to Immortality !

Alas ! how wildly rugged is the road
That leads to Virtue, and to Virtue's God !
Who would dare 'tempt to scale that hanging steep
In life, if Death were an Eternal sleep ?
Who from the lap of Vice would deign to rise,
If Virtue's temple were not in the Skies ?

Pass o'er the mould'ring dust of many an age,
And scan the roll of the historic page ;
See how bold Crime rear'd high her guilty head,
While Virtue sunk dishonour'd 'mong the dead.

Oh ! how polluted on the roll appears
Thy silv'ry name, Queen of Eternal years ;
Immortal Greece ! Fain would I pass thee by,
And speak thy failings only with a sigh ;—
Thou art the Nurse who, with thy storied lays,
Taught the young heart to seek unfading bays ;
Lull'd on the pillow of thy fragrant breast,
Pain racks no more, and anguish sinks to rest.
Fancy's fair worlds, and Passion's are thine own,
'Tis there thou reign'st supreme, and rear'st thy throne.

Bright land of Gods ! and soil of god-like men !
Thy cloudless Heavens were wrapt in darkness, when
Thy Wisest eyed, serene, the fatal cup,
And—weep not—with calm mildness, drank it up :
Dark draught of chilling coldness,—freezing Life
In the red channels of her bubbling strife !
And filming o'er that mind-illumin'd eye,
Which spoke on *earth* the language of the *sky*.

Did Nature mourn the sage ? oh, no ! in light
She rob'd her form to view the murderous sight.
“On old Ægena's rock, and Adra's isle,
The God of gladness shed his parting smile,”

And seem'd to linger o'er the purple wave,
To smile in mock'ry on a FELON's grave !

And now my wayward heart would turn to thee,
Thou fairy LAND OF MY NATIVITY ;
Swan of the Northern waters, rearing high
Thy Crested head in mountain majesty !
I would—but no!—oh, take one sacred tear,
All *I* can place upon *thy* Martyrs' bier.
Unbroken be their rest ! Their mould'ring dust,
In holy Hope committed to thy trust,
Is hallow'd still, and down the tide of years
Borne are their virtues by a Nation's tears.

Yes ! kindlier rays than smote th' Athenian's tomb
Gild the wild *Cairn* that marks their place of doom,
While the lone clouds that pass with scurrying sweep,
Fold their pale wings, and tarry there to weep ;
And with their summer shade and wintry showers
Tend round the rolling year the “DELL OF FLOWERS !”

If Virtue thus can form no lasting guard
'Gainst ills below—say, whence her bright reward ?
Whence but from fairer worlds beyond the skies,
In which her fadeless beauty never dies !

Who that now speeds him o'er the scorching plain
Sighs not to reach the palmy shade again—

To snatch the luscious tamarind from the bough,
And in the white fount bathe his burning brow ?
Painful his steps—the gaunt train he may meet ;
The scaly serpent hisses at his feet ;
The tall Sun, blazing in his mid-day tow’r,
Shoots his red darts, and rules the fiery hour ;
Nought round the horizon’s glowing rim appears—
No passing cloud to shadow o’er his fears ;
Still’d is the swooping vulture’s piercing cry ;
Day’s flaming Star, alone, is in the sky.
Who that thus speeds him o’er the desert plain
Sighs not to reach the palmy shade again ?

So with the tear-dimm’d eye, which through the haze
That veils the past its golden prime surveys ;
When o’er Life’s waters, of unclouded hue,
Nought but the balmy breeze of Pleasure blew ;
When Youth, Joy, Innocence, went hand in hand,
And smiling Hope and Fancy led the band ;
And all this shining world, around, above,
A boundless temple seem’d of blandest love !

Romantic spot ! endear’d by every tie
Which binds the Soul to things that cannot die ;
Romantic spot ! where first in purple light
Nature, in lawless grandeur, met my sight,—
My gushing heart to thee a debt would pay,
Could I but frame a long-remember’d lay ;
Were *mine* the pow’r of holy Nature’s Bard,
To chaunt the strain, *thine* were the rich reward.

Hills proudly tow'ring from the surging plain,
On whose bald tops the snows of years remain ;
Tall crags, that from the lowly valleys rise,
Piercing, like massy pyramids, the skies ;
O'er-hanging cliffs, that cleave the middle air,
And seem to swing their trembling horrors there ;
Pale rocks, that by the fiery bolts of Heav'n,
Like Pelion stand,—down to the centre riv'n,
Which, opening wide their arms at intervals,
Give to the ' lights of eve ' their sparry halls,
And flame and sparkle in their cavern'd deeps,
Where Beauty in the lap of Terror sleeps !
' Still lakes of silver,' where the mountains blue,
Upturn'd, in toppling grandeur meet the view !
Mirrors in which the waving forests seem
To deck their tresses,—so would Fancy deem ;
Coves, which the rays of the far-darting Sun
Have never pierc'd, to soil their shadows dun ;
Though the green ivy, and the wood-bine wild,
There twine their arms,—to make the terror mild ;
While in the outward porch, the splashing brook,
With Mirth and Beauty pictur'd in its look,
Through the rent chasm beholds the sun-lit sky,
And laughs, and languishes, like Woman's eye !
Dark granite funnels, where red heather bells,
Or yellow cowslip, or green sorrel swells ;
Long rows of myrtle—cliff-depending pines,
On which the ruddy light of evening shines ;

Nooks where the purpling daisy lifts her eye ;
Dells where the waters of cool fountains lie ;
Streams running crystal,—hurrying on to meet,
And blend their torrents at the mountain's feet ;
Not sluggish, as the Southern rivers be,
But rushing on, like eagles, to the sea !
These are thy beauties, spot of earliest Love,
Where Earth still smiles below, and Heav'n above.
Still, like the ray which through the tempest gleams,
They soothe my heart, and gild my feverish dreams ;
And though to riper years they can no more,
By visual sight, Life's infant joys restore,
Yet may we mark in Memory's mellow eye
A backward beam, that guides us to the Sky !

Pass'd are the shining plains where Reason's ray
First caught our sight, and shone upon our way ;
Led us, exultant, from the dreary tomb,
And chased away the black'ning shades of Doom.

A loftier Guide, celestial and sublime,
Still bears us up beyond the bounds of time ;
Proclaims—" The pall of Fate, ere long unfurl'd,
Shall shade, in double death, a ruin'd world ;
The Moon shall leave the night,—the God of day,
Wrapt in a robe of blood, shall pass away !
But, 'mid the pangs of Nature's dying throes,
The Soul shall gain the Source from whence she rose,"

Yes, martyr'd Sage ! well did thy heav'n-lit eye
Pierce the dim mists that veil'd futurity ;
Well didst thou say, that in the lapse of years,
Death and the Tomb would smile away their fears ;
And well thou said'st a radiant Sun should rise,
To gild the gloom that veil'd our mental skies.
That Sun has ris'n, and with his dazzling light
Has put the spectre-train of doubts to flight ;
That Sun has ris'n, nor were thy hopes too high,—
Lo ! HEAVEN PROCLAIMS MAN'S IMMORTALITY !

NOTES ON PART I.

Page 2, line 17.

And Earth receding from her swimming eye.

‘Earth recedes before my swimming eye.’

BARBAULD.

P. 3, l. 10.

Milky splendour.

“Via lactea.”—OVID.

P. 6, l. 17.

No more shall Ahriman, &c.

For a full account of these deities—Ahriman, Ormuzd, and Mithras—the reader is referred to the eloquent Gibbon.—New edit., chap. viii., p. 76.

P. 8, l. 2.

Betah's bow'rs.

A rich vale on one of the western branches of the Ganges.—See B., Mod. Geo.

P. 9, l. 3.

Ask Agra steeps.

The car of Juggernaut need only be mentioned to prove the truth of the text.

For the better illustration of the scenes described in the text, the reader is referred to Researches in India, Heber's Journal, and the Asiatic Transactions.

P. 11, l. 8.

Where barren Zarah.

Zarah, or Zaharah, the great northern desert of Africa, extending along the southern shores of the Mediterranean nearly 1200 miles. Its breadth is estimated at 800.

P. 11, l. 17.

Dying flesh or dull mortality.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—“Faithful Shepherdess.”

P. 12, l. 2.

Asphodels of Fame.

SHELLEY.

P. 12, l. 15.

Illustrious Theban ! &c.

Epaminondas.—See PLUTARCH.

P. 13, l. 21.

Green Isle of beauty, &c.

Vide GIBBON, new edit., chap. xi. page 116.

P. 14, l. 1.

- - - - *the King of Light*

Enshrines his Godhead.

The magnificent Temple of the Sun, at Palmyra ; the ruins of which still excite wonder.

P. 14, l. 4.

Breathe their mute thoughts.

“And dead men

Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around.”

SHELLEY.

P. 15, l. 14.

Saturnian years.

Vide OVID, Met.

P. 15, l. 20.

Your soft deliciousness.

“White deliciousness.”—KEATS.

P. 18, l. 3.

Thus, like opposing tides.

The Author has frequently witnessed in the German Ocean the phenomenon alluded to in the text, where the rapid sweep of the eastern portion of the tide, setting in from the Atlantic, meets with fury the western and more slowly progressing portion. A like phenomenon occurs in the Bay of Biscay.

NOTES ON PART II.

Page 27, line 2.

Gilds Life's atmosphere.

SHELLEY.

P. 27, l. 12.

Your sceptre like the Prophet's rod appears.

Numbers, chap. xvii. ver. 8.

P. 28, l. 9.

King of the thousand Isles.

Caracalla.—He is termed by Ossian, Son of the King of the World. We may perhaps be allowed, by a like license, to make use of the epithet already mentioned.—Vide GIBBON, new edit., chap. vi. page 51.

P. 31, l. 6.

Painted People of the air.

“Pictæque volucres.”—VIRGIL.

P. 31, l. 15.

Thou cup of tears, which men who live call Life.

“Thou painted veil which men,” &c.—SHELLEY.

P. 33, l. 17.

Nor winds nor waves.

“Rocks, winds, and waves, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad—thy home is far away.”—CAMPBELL.

P. 36, l. 20.

Awhile to bloom, and perish like the flow'r.

“Frail as the leaf in Autumn’s yellow bow’r.”—CAMPBELL.

P. 37, l. 17.

Thy Pleasures, Hope ! by HIM so sweetly sung.

His name need not be mentioned, whose splendid Genius has changed a mere emotion into a burning Passion.

P. 38, l. 19.

Thy Wisest eyed, serene, the fatal cup.

SOCRATES.

P. 38, l. 20.

And, weep not !

Cicero says, that he could not peruse Plato’s account of the death of Socrates without shedding tears. And has not the lapse of more than eighteen centuries rather replenished than exhausted the deep Fountains of human love ?

P. 38, l. 27:

On old Ægea’s rock, and Adra’s isle,

The God of gladness shed his parting smile.—BYRON.

P. 39, l. 14.

Gild the wild cairn.

Cairn, a rude monument.

For the description in the text the author is indebted to an admirable painting, by Mr. Thompson, of Duddingstone, entitled “The Martyr’s Tomb.” The Writer would likewise take this opportunity of stating, that if he has been at all successful in depicting any of the bolder features of Nature, this he in a great measure owes to the conversations of his respected friend, William Douglas, Esq., Edinburgh, who is no less a true Poet than an eminent Artist.

Scarcely had the above been sent to press, when the writer learnt

that his lamented friend was no more. Life! thou wouldst truly be a dark valley, were not thy shadows illumined with the hopes of Immortality.

P. 40, l. 21.

Romantic spot.

The spot described in the text is Dunkeld, on the banks of the Tay, Perthshire, anciently the See of the patriotic and classic Gavin Douglas—a spot endeared to the author by many pleasant recollections. The reader who has visited the scene will best know whether the description be exaggerated.

P. 40, l. 27.

Holy Nature's Bard.

W. Wordsworth, Esq.—“That Priest of nature.”—It is proper to state, that the last Argument in the Poem was suggested by his beautiful ode, entitled, “Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early childhood.”

P. 41, l. 10.

The lights of eve.—COLERIDGE.

P. 41, l. 13.

Still lakes of silver.

“Acque stagnanti, mobili cristalli.”—TASSO.

Leigh Hunt's Translation.

P. 41, l. 17.

The far-darting Sun.

* Εκηβόλος Ἀπολλων.—HOMER.

P. 43, l. 1.

Yes, martyr'd Sage!

Socrates.—*Vide* Plat. Phæd.

P. 43, l. 7.

That Sun has risen.

“I am the light of the world.”—John viii. 12.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MUTABILITY.

THE Winter came, and the winds blew high,
And the fields were wrapt in snow ;
And the mighty streams, and the little brooks,
And the rills, forgot to flow.

For the Frost's cold hand had chain'd them down,
And the breath of the Storm had past
With its hurricane sweep, o'er their waters clear,
And their music had breath'd its last.

But the balmy Spring came round again,
And the brooks, and the rills, and the streams,
Like the rosy dawn of Youth's bright years,
Started forth from their icy dreams !

And the sleeping flow'r, in its earthy bow'r,
Upsprung from its snow-wreath'd pillow,—
When the radiant Eye of the golden sky
Glanced brightly on the billow.

And Summer was seen, with her mantle green,
 Adorning the new-wak'd earth ;
 As a beauteous child, by its mother mild,
 Is deck'd for the day of mirth.

And Autumn came, with her locks of flame,
 And her brow adorn'd with gems
 Of pearly dew, to the wreath that grew,
 Like bees to the honied stems.

Thus change was renew'd, and the chase pursu'd,
 Round, round the gilding year ;
 And nought stood still, nor good nor ill,
 Till all sunk on Earth's cold bier !

Ah ! 'tis with me as the Seasons be ;
 My Spring, Summer, Autumn, are past,
 And Winter now hath assum'd his reign,
 And chill'd bright Hope with his blast.

TO A STAR.

Most maidenly and fair Star ! I would woo
 Thy soothing light, whilst thou art wandering through,
 Like a pale bride, the gorgeous halls of heaven,
 Spreading thy silver drapery o'er gray Even,
 Yes ! would I check thy course and bid thee stay,
 To rest thee, beauteous Pilgrim, on thy way—
 Thy weary way, which lies through yon abyss
 Of boundless blue—yon Sun-sown wilderness !
 Where art thou travelling ? Is thy speed of flame
 Bearing thee on to lands beyond a name ?
 Stay, lovely Wanderer ! stay thy whirling flight,
 And soothe awhile the horrors of grim Night ;
 Who, like a baby on the nurse's knee,
 Grows mild by gazing, Mildest ! upon thee.

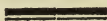
To many things I'd liken thee, fair Star,—
 To a Sun-silver'd islet, that afar
 Doth diadem the deep of Western Seas,
 Which murmur round the palmy Cyclades ;
 To a pure bark of pearl, that scuds along
 The curling waters to the sound of song ;

And the bright lesser lights that follow thee,
 To golden cock-boats on a sunny sea ;
 To a fair sheep-dam on a mountain's brow,
 With snowy lambs about her,—such art thou !
 But thou art vanishing, thou pal'st away
 Deep in yon Orange sky,—before the day ;
 Struck in thy central glory—thou are driven
 Down—down into the depths of boundless Heaven ;
 And, like a dream of youth, thou passest by
 Shadowless Star ! into Eternity !

SONNET,

UPON the verge of a thick tangled wood,
 When all was brightness, and the sun rode high,
 By the gnarl'd root of an old Lime I stood,
 That toss'd its bold head far into the sky ;
 And I was then in melancholy mood,
 No living thing could I discern as nigh
 Which might upon my solemn thoughts intrude,
 And in the silver light beneath me lay,
 In beautiful repose, the ruins gray

Of hoary piles, within whose mould'ring walls
 Rest all my fathers in the Dead's still halls ;
 (How calm they rest within these halls of clay !)
 And then I wish'd that I like them should be
 'Tomb'd near the spot of my nativity !



SCENE,

FROM ARTHUR'S SEAT, NEAR EDINBURGH.

May, 1827.



'Tis a dull summer eve—the light of day
 In leaden splendour fades along the deep,
 On whose dark waters there are seen to sleep,
 Like drowsy wave-birds, with their pennons gray
 Folded—full many a gallant bark and gay.
 Black are the Heavens—Night mantles o'er the sky
 Like a huge fun'ral pall ! no glittering star
 Spangles the death-formed coverlet,—the war
 Of Earth, and Air, and Ocean, hath pass'd by ;
 Hush'd is the lark's shrill song,—the bleating cry

Of the stray'd Lamb comes floating down the vale,
 Borne on the slow wings of the flagging gale ;
 Now it has reach'd yon misty mountain steep,
 And the pain'd dam responds the mournful tale !

THE FOUNTAIN.

AND do I see thee once again,
 As beautiful and still
 As when I trac'd thee, lucid Fount !
 Along thy sparkling rill ?

Is it a dream ? and am I come,
 After the lapse of years,
 To view thee in thy pearl-strewn cell,
 And stain thee with my tears ?

And art thou still unchang'd—the same
 As when, in happier hours,
 I sported round thy brimming marge,
 And loll'd among thy flow'rs ;

And gaz'd into thy crystal depths,
 And thought thy gentle swell
 Rose from the Naiad's fragrant breath,
 That 'neath thy wave might dwell?

And still do thy pure waters rise,
 And thy green border sip,
 E'en as a goblet sparkling, full
 Of red wine, to the lip?

'Tis even so; nor cold, nor heat,
 Nor lapse of rolling years,
 Has wasted thy bright-streaming urn
 Of its pure crystal tears!

Oh! that it were but thus with him
 Who gazes on thee now,
 As he was wont in other days,
 With sunshine on his brow!

Ere yet he knew the World's gray shore,
 And left that tranquil home,
 Where gladness, like a summer bird,
 Unbidden, still would come!

And fairy thoughts, like spring-charm'd
 flowers,
 In innocence would rise,

In endless trains, to fill the soul
With love-fraught sympathies !

“ Nay, droop not so, thou sorrowing Heart,
Nor flow not thus thy tears ;
Deep ruffling with their bitter drops
The purity of years !”—

Sweet Fountain, fare thee well ! I know,
From thy now-placid spring,
That, for the deepest wound, swift Time
Brings balm upon his wing !

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

THE sun's red orb is sinking fast, upsprings the cooling
breeze,
The melodies of even-tide are whispering thro' the
trees ;
Hark ! 'tis the spirits of the Dead—they beckon me
away,
Nor longer by the lonely flood do they permit my stay.

And is it so, and are all gone—the high-soul'd and the
free?

And are the thousands of my Tribe concentred now
in me?

Oh, with'ring thought!—beat loud my heart, and haughty
as at first—

Beat till the purple springs of life in agony shall burst!

Away to yonder rugged cliff—say! what salutes thee
now?

UncLOUD thine eye, and wipe away the cold drops from
thy brow.

Down thro' the forest's deepening shade, amid the sacred
gloom

Of meeting boughs, mine eyes behold the consecrated
tomb:

Dust of my Fathers! holy still, amid the lapse of years,
Receive this latest offering—the tribute of my tears!

Wo to the hour when first ye met, in all your wild
array,

The Stranger on your rushing streams, and *beckon'd*
him to stay!

Poor Children of the untrodden wild! 'twas Nature taught
you so,

The wand'rer and the exil'd one—ye ne'er had found a
foe:

Alas! alas! the fault was *yours*, 'twas *his* alone the
crime ;

Which, like the ruin's shadow, grows dark 'mid the roll
of Time.

Yes! 'tis The Mighty Spirit speaks ; fast comes the
avenging hour,

When Justice shall, full-quiver'd, walk the palaces of
pow'r.

Wake! Spirit, wake! nor longer rest—'tis thine to
avenge the Just :

The blood of slaughtered Innocence invokes thee from
the dust.

Gaze from this rugged steep—alas! 'tis solitude alone
That marks the dwellings of my Tribe, and claims them
as its own.

Where are the Patriarchs of my race, the quiver'd and
the bold,

Who used to stem the battle-tide as onward still it
roll'd ;

And 'mid the shouts of victory, from carnage-cover'd
fields

Upbore the dying warriors, upon their bloody shields.

Go, ask the emerging foam from the river's rushing
sweep,

Or the bubble on the boiling wave fast sinking in the
deep ;

These be the emblems of my race—the Stranger came,
 they pass'd
 Swift from their forest-halls as flies the storm-cloud in
 the blast.

Look at the bright and mirror'd lake—how beautiful, how
 still

It sleeps beneath the deepening shade of yonder evening
 hill !

Nought ruffles now with circling swell the azure of its
 breast ;

But like a slumbering babe it lies enfolded in its rest !

The bounding wild-deer, in its chase of freedom, in
 amaze

Stands by the margin of the flood, upon its form to gaze ;
 And wonders whence the stillness comes that lingers
 all around,

Unbroken now by human lips, or trumpet's silver sound.

Away she flies, the startled deer—what made her speed
 so fast ?

It was the sere leaf from the tree that rustled as it
 pass'd !

Alas, how chang'd !—beat loud my heart, and haughty
 as at first—

Beat till the purple springs of life in agony shall burst !

'Tis o'er ; the clay-cold damps of death are on the warrior's brow

And the burning pulse no longer beats in exultation now :

Prone by his Fathers' dust he lies, **THE LAST OF ALL HIS RACE,—**

And soon the gently dropping leaves will form his hiding-place.



EUDEMUS AND ELLENORE.



An eagle, glittering in the golden light,
 Slow round the tall cliff urg'd his sailing flight ;
 His radiant plumage glist'ning in the ray,
 Flung from its sides, like Ocean's silver spray.
 Wheeling majestic on the broad blue air,
 The imperial Bird claim'd proud dominion there !
 Hush'd were the forests, the impetuous floods
 Alone resounded through the silent woods.
 Earth own'd his pow'r—the empire of the sky
 Was *his*—far stretching through infinity.

Most royal Guardian ! there the regal nest
 He watch'd, with all the parent in his breast ;
 And with his shadowing pinions o'er it flung,
 Above, even like a crimson cloud, he hung,—
 A cloud that spreads its glories in mid air,
 When the blue circle of the Heavens is bare.

Thou heart instructor, Nature ! 'tis from thee
 We learn the lessons of Sublimity.
 Yes, and by thee unseal'd, we learn to know
 How deep the springs of human kindness flow ;
 Since thine own bird, the fiercest in the sky,
 Can wake our souls to boundless sympathy ;—
 Which makes us feel close Brotherhood with all
 That lives and breathes upon this varied Ball !

So thought EUDEMUS, as he sorrowing stood
 On the steep margin of the rushing flood
 That past him swept, most prone in its career,
 And roll'd its well known music on his ear.
 Born 'mong the hills—each streamlet in its turn
 Oft had he trac'd to its pellucid urn,
 And mark'd the unseen brook, in its lone springs,
 Panting to spread its azure-colour'd wings,
 Ere it might, fearless, leap the cliff, and flow
 Through the deep chasm that boil'd and foam'd below.
 And still he lov'd to trace it till it cross'd
 The mountain line, and in the lake was lost.

The deepening gloom upon its shaded banks,
 Where Water-Lilies rang'd their virgin ranks,
 Unveiling their calm beauty to the sight
 Of the great Sun, that shone with checquer'd light
 Through clumpy openings, where the Hazel stood,
 And nodded o'er the ever-laughing flood,
 And shook in merriment its tresses green,
 When dallying Zephyrs wanton'd o'er the scene,
 And curl'd, and curl'd again, the toying wave
 That sought, or seem'd to seek, its pebbled cave !—
 This deepening gloom he loved, and there to woo
 Most modest Nature, veil'd from common view.

The Earth, the Waters, and the Firmament,
 Home to his heart their choicest beauties sent ;
 And feelings of deep love they gender'd there,
 Making the bliss of all his tenderest care !

Upon the rushing stream he stood,—the God of day
 Had more than gain'd the zenith of his way,
 And down the western Heavens his chariot roll'd,
 Gilding the forest brown with tints of gold,
 And, like the Parthian in his arrowy flight,
 Backward he rain'd his beams of purple light !
 Oh, 'twas a glorious eve—more glowing skies
 Ne'er roof'd the bow'rs of sinless Paradise ;
 When flow'rs, spontaneous, deck'd the verdant sod,
 And Man, the fallen *now, then* walk'd with God !

He thought of partings, for he must again
 Cross the blue waters of the rolling main ;
 Not now, as erst, in boyhood's smiling years,
 When the young eyes were form'd for transient tears,
 And Grief sat lightly on the laughing brow,
 Nor rankled in th' impassion'd heart as now.

Winter had past, and incense-breathing Spring
 Shook Love's first balm-drops from her purple wing.
 Awaken'd by her touch, the sleeping flowers
 Open'd their eyelids in their cradling bowers,
 And hail'd the Wanton ! Down the hollow dell
 The "early budders" rose with gentle swell,
 Fearful to catch the first glance of her eye,
 That beam'd, inconstant, in an April sky ;
 And if lone things can speak, they seem'd to say
 "Alas ! too beautiful, thou wilt not stay."
 High on the mountain tops, a hardier brood
 Scorn'd to implore the Maiden in her mood
 Of merriment and tears,—they boldly spread
 Their whit'ning blossoms round the tall cliff's head,
 And seem'd to dare the anger of her eye,
 Charg'd with the radiance of a sapphire sky.
 The streams, unmanacled, like Slaves set free,
 Ran onward, blust'ring, boist'rous, in their glee.
 The rock-embosom'd lakes of skiey hue
 Leap'd in the light, and curl'd their waters blue ;

And, like the Old Man* by Pallene's shore,
Kept changing still the form they loved before ;
Now bright, now blue, now purple, and now gold,
They mock'd the steady eye, like that Man Old !

Spring had return'd ; but ere the Sister reign
Should shed its roses o'er the verdant plain,
And give most full completion to the year,
EUDEMUS must to sunnier regions steer,
And guide his bounding bark through Indian Isles,
O'er which an everlasting Summer smiles.

On by the brook he wander'd,—gain'd the source
Whence its pure waters urg'd their arrowy course,
And lean'd in rapture o'er that mirror bright
That shone and sparkled in the golden light.
Around the mossy margin of the well,
Where gentle forest Fays might love to dwell,
Daisies, those earliest children of the Spring,
Embracing stood in an empurpled ring ;
Yea, all the favourites of that Beauty rare
Flaunted their sky-embroider'd glories there.

He rose,—the sighings of the evening breeze
Murmur'd in fitful breathings through the trees,
And to the musing wand'rer seem'd to say—
“On, on, a nobler scene demands thy stay !”

* Proteus.

He gain'd the cove, he reach'd the rocky bow'r,
 When the red light announc'd the evening hour ;
 And feelings, deep and holy, charm'd to rest
 The farewell flutt'rings of his anxious breast.

Embosom'd in the rock, a flow'ry nook,
 Where ran the silver threadings of a brook,
 Hasting to hide 'neath the enamelled turf
 The hoary spumings of its angry surf ;
 Like the sly maiden that would fain appear
 Bedeck'd in smiles all round the *changing* year,
 And shine, at least, in her fond Lover's sight,
 Constant—a Moon in a *clear, cloudy* night—
 Four giant Planes, with interlacing arms,
 Shielded from blightings and “all weather harms,”
 And in the height of summer lushness threw
 A canopy athwart Heaven's stainless blue,
 And 'neath their tremulous shadows form'd a spot
 Where every weary Care might be forgot.

Is it the guardian Spirit of the bow'r
 That lingers there amid the twilight hour,
 To shed her poppi'd dew's o'er the bright eyes
 Of scented roses and anemonies ?

Can it be Dian,* silver-crested Queen !
 Reposing here, who dignifies the scene ?

* Ovid, Met, Lib, 4,

Fresh from the chase, reclining at her feet,
 With lolling tongue, behold that gray-hound fleet !
 But where her golden quiver—where her bow ?
 And her bright Oreads, shining in a row ?
 Ismenian Crocalé, to bind her hair,
 And Nephelé and Hyalé the fair ?
 And Cyané, to bring the limpid wave
 From yonder fountain, glimmering in the cave ?
 And flow'ry-kirtled Rhanis, in her turn
 To bear, with Arethuse, the pearly urn—
 Most gentle Arethuse, whose virgin fears
 Shall change, ere long, her form to stainless tears !

Vain dreams of Fancy, hence ! a milder Pow'r
 Than quiver'd Dian dignifies the bow'r.
 EUDEMUS gazed in rapture, and, unseen,
 View'd with unwearied eye her changing mien ;
 And mark'd each feeling as it came and went,
 Like shifting clouds across the firmament ;
 For the fair creature, in her lonely mood,
 Here scann'd the classic page in solitude.

Spirit of Beauty ! oft he gazed on thee
 O'er the blue waters of the rolling sea ;
 He hail'd thee in the glorious shapes that rise
 Round the red margin of far Tropic skies,
 Where pillar'd upon pillar'd clouds unfold
 Their masses—white, vermilion, purple, gold !
 He watch'd thee at the blushing break of day,
 When through the Emerald Isles he sped his way,—

The Emerald Isles that gem the glittering deep,
 Where farthest Chinvan's* yellow waters sleep;
 He mark'd thee in each hue, each varying dye
 That gilds, with rapid wing, the moon-lit sky;
 He saw thee in the insect's gilded wing,
 He heard thee in the wild bee's murmuring;
 Thou cam'st into his soul in the soft lay
 Chaunted from dewy boughs at dawning day;
 He felt thee in the harmony that rose
 From Music's breath, and watch'd thee to its close;
 He lov'd to trace thee in the rosy child,
 That "toss'd in sunny light its ringlets wild,"
 And from soft gleaming eyes rain'd forth its love,
 Ere Earth might soil the Heaven-descended dove;
 He saw thee in the lofty thought that cast
 Love's mantle o'er the failings of the past;
 And hail'd thee in the Truth-illumin'd mind,
 That with deep sympathy embrac'd all human kind!

Yet, like the storm-toss'd bird, his flutt'ring breast
 Still felt a void—a home wherein to rest;
 And now he found it—Strange that he should deem
 The chequer'd past a radiating beam
 To lead him onward, by its guiding pow'r
 To find the solace of this 'witching hour!

How beautiful she looked! the deep rich hue
 Of her soft eyes outshone the sapphire's blue,

* Chinvan, a Port on the Yellow Sea.

And spoke a wordless feeling—like pure wells
 They seem'd, where Heaven's resplendent image dwells ;
 Her graceful neck—an alabaster spire,
 Round which the young Loves led their tuneful choir ;
 Her silky white hand, and her taper arm,
 Might with their grace Olympian Phidias charm ;
 Her brow, 'mid ringlets hid,—her brow of snow,
 Look'd like Judean mountains, when the flow
 Of golden rivulets is on them.—Bright,
 Unveil'd, she stood—a form of Love and Light !

The Sun was darting now his farewell ray
 O'er the high cliffs that beckon'd him to stay,
 And on their golden crowns awhile remain,
 Ere he should shroud his glories in the main—
 He seem'd to linger ; then “behind the hill”
 That spurn'd the wave “he dropt,” and all was still.

And yet, unwearied, did the glowing page,
 With its rich harmony, her soul engage ;
 While with soft looks each glitt'ring line she scann'd,
 That seem'd to brighten 'neath her snowy hand.

Well did he mark, when Misery claimed a sigh,
 The dewy lustre of her melting eye !
 And felt, unseen, the sympathetic glow—
 The joy that springs from soothing human wo.

Her frown was beautiful ! for summer skies
 In stormy days are richest in their dyes.

When to a part of the sad tale she came,
 That told of love, of faithlessness, and shame,
 Her passion-lighted cheek burnt bright—no tear
 Bedimm'd her eye, in majesty severe ;
 How deep her feeling !—the bright zone that bound,
 In silver threads, her clust'ring ringlets round,
 Burst its fair links, and o'er her white neck roll'd
 Her shining locks, like streams of burning gold.

Indignant Beauty ! how supreme art thou !
 'Neath thy calm look the sternest heart must bow ;
 With Virtue join'd, thou can'st the tiger tame,
 Blunt the sharp sword, and quench the raging flame !
 It staid not—soon the fire of passion flew
 Swift from her soul ; like drops of balmy dew,
 Which fall at eve upon the drooping flow'r,
 Her eyes of love pour'd forth the sorrowing show'r.

* * * * *

EUDEMUS lov'd his ELLENORE—the flame
 She quench'd not, but, all blushing, own'd the same ;
 And she had promised, ere three circling years
 Had run their round, to end his love-born fears.

Oh, new-born love ! celestial sure thou art,
 When first thou thrill'st the life-cords of the heart ;
 Of Joy's pure streams thou openest every spring,
 And floods of pleasure to the soul dost bring ;

Lost in thy waves, this dark scene disappears,
And endless smiles succeed to endless tears !

* * * * *

They parted—Sorrowing Memory would recal
That precious hour. As with some secret thrall,
Her beauty held him ; yet he could not stay,
Though something whisper'd—"Hie thee not away."
Her golden locks, in wild diffusion thrown
O'er her fair brow, like clouds all-radiant shone,
And then in rich luxuriance clust' red round,
His drooping form in their soft fetters bound.

They parted—Years had in their ceaseless flight,
Each pole obscur'd in thrice alternate night ;
And now the radiant sun was riding high
In his blue course along the Northern sky,
When to his rock-encircled home he came,
Bless'd by the world, though sick at heart of fame.
Hope on her rosy pinions flew before,
And deck'd in smiles his beauteous ELLENORE.

As to the wish'd-for spot he nearer drew,
And his lov'd mountains rose upon his view,
Flutterings, unfelt before, and shapeless fears
Came o'er his heart—he sought in vain for tears ;
Pantings within, and burnings of the cheek,
Those pangs reveal which tear-drops cannot speak :

And these were his. 'Tis thus the Spirit knows,
Heav'n taught, the presage of its coming woes.*

The Sun had gain'd the 'mid descending steep
Of the west Heavens, and urg'd him to the deep ;
Show'rs of his purple beams profusely fell
O'er the green sides of the illumin'd dell ;
When, faint, EUEMUS sought awhile to rest,
And ease the deep-drawn throbbings of his breast ;
He lean'd against the gnarl'd root of a Lime,
Which tow'ring stood in splendour of its prime,
And rising proudly o'er the flood of years,
Seem'd mocking frail man with his hopes and fears.
Hush'd was the scene, for every stirring breath
Of the soft winds had sigh'd themselves to death.

Slow o'er the mountains deep-ton'd notes were borne
Of solemn music, as of those who mourn ;
And still it deepen'd, still it came more near,
Then, with full swell, it burst upon his ear.—

“ The beauty and the bloom
Of flow'rets fade away,
The night of deepest gloom
Succeeds the brightest day !

“ Like sun-beams on the wave,
Which there a moment quiver,

* “Coming events cast their shadows before,”—CAMPBELL.

Life gleams across the grave,
Then vanishes for ever !

“ Wail ! wail ! the fairest bloom
That Life’s flow’r ever bore
Is cull’d to deck the tomb,—
The beauteous ELLENORE !”

* * * * *

Years have elaps’d, his raven locks no more
Shine in their glossy splendour as before ;
His heart is calm, its bonds to earth are riven—
EUEMUS pants to meet his ELLENORE in Heaven !



SPECIMENS

OF AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, ENTITLED

“ THE SURVEY.”



EARTH.

ISLE in Creation’s shoreless, endless sea—
Home of our race ! we gladly turn to thee :
Yes ! we would trace, in their perennial flight,
Thy shining foot-steps round the orb of light ;

We would explore the secret laws that guide
 Thy rapid course o'er space's trackless tide ;
 Sure in thy race—like summer birds that fly
 O'er unknown seas, to meet a purer sky,
 Nor on the bosom of the printless air
 Leave aught to tell their fleeting shapes were there.
 Since from the Hand that form'd thee thou wert cast,
 And roll'd obedient through the mighty vast,
 And with thy giant shadow marked the way
 For panting Time to follow up his prey ;
 Undimm'd, unwearied, bright as when at first
 O'er Heaven's immortal barriers thou didst burst,
 Ethereal Courser ! dost thou bound along,
 Third in the race of all the flying throng.
 Enamour'd of His smiles who rules the day,
 With maddening pulse, thou hiest away—away !

THE BIRTH OF CLOUDS AND RIVERS.

BEHOLD Heaven's golden barks, that drift along
 Like the mass'd music of harmonious song !
 Whence come these glories ? which their shadowy
 — way,
 Thronging around the Charioteer of day ?

Shall they descend with Him into the deep,
 And cluster round him in his azure sleep?
 And, when above the waves his glittering crest
 He rears, shall they attend him to the west?

Sprung from the blue depths of the heaving main,
 Thither, ye Clouds! must ye return again;
 Nor like the shiver'd turret shall ye fall,
 Prone from the steep heights of your airy hall.

Mark yon gigantic masses, where they throw
 Enormous shadows o'er the vales below;
 Yon Heaven-pil'd monuments, where spirits roam,
 And the sky-covering Condor makes his home;
There are ye doom'd, ye wandering Clouds, to rest,
 And veil in gloom the Mountain-Giant's crest,
 Till he awake from his too tranquil sleep,
 And from his brow your airy covering sweep;
 Then struck, like Arethuse, with unknown fears,
 Ye trembling fall, and melt away in tears!

Nor are you lost! a thousand fountains throw
 Your lucent waters o'er the vales below.
 These, with divided rills, transplendent throng,
 Sweep down the cliffs, and hie with speed along,
 Till, like dissever'd friends, they meet again
 In one bright stream, and hurry to the main!

. Should the present volume be deemed worthy of public notice, the author may, at some future period, be tempted to resume, or remodel, a subject as vast as the universe itself.

STANZAS.

WHEN clouds gather fast, and the prospect all dark
In gloom and in shadow is closing,
'Tis sweet 'mid the scowl of the tempest to mark
A spot where the light is reposing.

So 'tis with my heart, in the lone hour of grief,
When Sorrow and Anguish enfold it ;
I dream of thy beauty, then comes my relief
The moment I *seem* to behold it !

THE BRINGING UP OF THE ARK.

“ MOURN, for the land is desolate,
The glory hath departed ;
Mourn, for the Holiest hath left
His chosen, broken-hearted !”

So sung the melancholy train
 Of Judah's fairest daughters,
 When Hophni and his brother fell
 By Jordan's rolling waters !

'Twas there the star of Eli set :
 The Holiest of the holy,
 By hands profane, polluted stood ;
 How mad their impious folly !

Borne from its sacred resting place,
 The Ark of Mercy, guarded
 With reeking blades—for palms of peace,
 The doom of death awarded.

Yes ! round the rocky coasts and vales
 Of Palestine, a wailing
 Was heard throughout the gloomy night,—
 Life's purple fountains failing.

The sun went down in splendour there,
 And left no trace of sorrow ;
 How wan he rose above the flood
 Upon that fearful morrow !

The beaming eye low quenched in death,
 The brow of beauty shaded ;
 The lip whence Love his music flung
 Cold silence now pervaded.

The temple where the Idol stands,
 With ghastly shapes surrounded ;
 The temple reels,—its thousand priests
 Lie low, abash'd, confounded.

High from his shaken pedestal
 The impious God is falling,
 His plague-struck Ministrants, alas !
 In vain for mercy calling.

* * * * *

Harmonious sounds salute the ear,
 Along the mountains swelling,
 Like notes of that sweet early bird
 That loves the Sun's own dwelling.

See ! as it nears, a sacred throng
 In holy joy is bringing
 The Lost to its most bless'd abode,
 And thus the band is singing.

“ Let God arise,—Lo ! nature quakes,
 The enduring hills are riven ;
 Like sand before the desert blast
 His impious foes are driven.

He speaks,—the rolling waves obey,
 The billows rise divided ;
 He speaks,—the surges rushing meet ;—
 Where now those who derided ?

Rejoice, rejoice, ye mourning ones !

Lo, Israel's God hath spoken ;—
Philistia wails, her arm of pow'r
Lies nerveless now, and broken !

Long have ye worn the gloomy veil
Of abjectness and sorrow ;
Arise ! though tears bedim the night,
Bland joy salutes the morrow.

Daughter of Zion ! like a dove,
Golden or silver crested,
Adorn'd with fadeless beauty, thou
Shalt walk forth starry vested.

Nor shalt thou dread the wrath of man,
For God himself hath spoken ;
Triumphant shalt thou wield all pow'r,
Till Sin and Death be broken !"

STANZAS.

SWEET vale among valleys, how oft have I sigh'd
To reach thy green coverts again ;
Whence thy foam-cover'd stream like an arrow doth
glide
Down—down to the depths of the main !

Oh ! could I return but to gaze on thy mountains,
Or hide me within thy dark bowers,
Or stretch me at ease by thy rock-gushing fountains,
Or cull me thy wild forest flowers ;—

Methinks it would soften the sorrows that rise
O'er the heart in the rolling of years,
And lighten again these once laughing eyes,
Now darken'd by time-gather'd tears !

BABYLON.

WHERE, oh ! where is Babylon ?

The crown is off her brow,
And the Queen that rul'd o'er many lands
Is untiarad now !

Say, where is haughty Babylon,

The home of golden tow'rs ?
The serpent hisses in her halls,
The dragon in her bow'rs !

Where is the proud destroyer now ?

All desolate and lorn,
A mould'ring monument she stands,
To sate the eye of scorn !

Where is the sceptred city, where ?

The bittern's hollow cry
Re-echoes round the reedy marsh
Where broken columns lie !

Where, where is haughty Babylon ?

The deep pool mantles o'er,
With silent wave, her gorgeous domes,
Babylon is no more !

TO THE STARS.

YE sleepless sentinels, that ever keep
On the steep heights of Heaven's ærial towers
Your glittering vigils, or with silent sweep
Rush in the track of the immortal Hours,—
Whence have ye lighted those eternal fires
That shine, and ever shine, while thrones decay,
And men in generations pass away
Like phantoms, and the world of life expires?
Endless the source from whence, in golden urns,
That radiant light ye draw, which ever burns,
And still will burn, and never cease to shine!
Shadows of the Eternal! ye do tell
Secrets most deep of the Unsearchable;
Oh! shed your living beams around this soul of mine.

PALESTINE.



LAND of the sunny East, where grow the olive and the
vine,

Oh ! what a charm of light invests that hallow'd name
of thine !

Lost Palestine ! a sorrowing heart fain, fain would mourn
for thee,

Then hang in tears this broken harp upon the willow
tree.

And has thy splendour disappeared, and is thy glory
gone,

And are thy marble tow'rs of might and palaces o'er-
thrown ?

And is Mount Zion desolate, and do no longer there
The gather'd of the chosen race prefer the common
prayer ?

And is thy Temple ruin-struck, and does nought but the
name

Remain of what was once thy pride,—the bright Jeru-
salem ?

Lost Palestine ! thy might has fled, like snows that melt
away

From off the brow of Lebanon before the star of day.

Yes ! now thou art most desolate, and o'er the shaded
urn

Of thy dead splendour does the shade of ancient glory
mourn.

And has the Star of Judah set ? and never shall it rise
To shed its living beams around, and gild thy gloomy
skies ?

And has the Night of Ruin wrapt thy land as with a
vail ?

And are the Sons of Israel heard to mourn with Egypt's
wail ?

No ! though thy radiance has gone down, like sun-light
'neath the sea,

And though no more the triumph-song is raised aloud
for thee,

Weep not, Forlorn ! the Sun of Pow'r will yet upon thee
rise,

And with his rays of purest light drive midnight from thy
skies ;

Thy ruin'd tow'rs again shall rear their marble crests on
high,

And through thy silent cities heard the shout of victory ;
The Lion sprung from Judah's root shall burst thy bind-
ing chain,

And make thee know, Lost Palestine ! that thou art free
again.

Then weep not, land of the Forlorn, for Zion yet shall be
The glory of the living world—the bright home of the
Free !

THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.



ALLAH ! now the morning pray'r, the morning pray'r is
done,

And music from the holy Mosque hath hail'd the rising
sun ;

And do ye sleep, ye faithful ones, and do ye sleep away
The golden moments that await the coming birth of day ?
Awake, awake ! ye weary ones ; the Faithful may not
sleep

When the white Fountain of the morn is springing from
the deep.

Though long and toilsome is the way ye have already
past,

The desert must be seen ere Night o'er earth her sha-
dow cast ;

My camels now are kneeling by the margin of the well,
And, hark ! from yonder minaret, the music's dying
swell.

'Tis o'er ; awake, ye wanderers, the Faithful may not
sleep

When the white Fountain of the morn is springing from
the deep !

The pilgrims—they have started from the pillow of their
rest,

And chaunted o'er their orisons with faces to the west ;

And they have gained the river flood, and o'er its waters
 past,
 And reach'd the desert's rim as Night o'er earth her
 shadow cast.

Awake! ye wanderers, awake! the faithful may not
 sleep

When the white Fountain of the morn is springing from
 the deep;

For long and dreary is the path my camels have to run,
 Ere the blue mountains of the West receive the setting
 sun.

Oh! turn not thus your ling'ring eyes to the green plains
 just cross'd,

Nor list the music of the stream in the far distance lost;
 Nor deem the spreading palm shall cast its shadow of
 repose

Across your burning path, to prove a respite to your
 woes;

For far along these arid wastes our journey has to run,
 Ere the blue mountains of the West receive the setting
 sun.

On through the stainless fields of air, with his impelling
 steeds,

The Day God in his radiant car magnificently speeds;
 No wandering cloud appears to veil the glory of his
 face,

But boundless purity pervades the temple of all space.

Oh ! for one little speck to dash the splendour of his rays,
And shield the weary on the waste from his devouring
blaze !

Oh ! for the desert fountain, where, beneath its shadow-
ing bow'r,

The dying on the scorching sands might feel its living
pow'r !

Faint not, ye Faithful !—see aloft in yonder purpling
skies,

The golden domes and minarets of the Holy City rise ;
The dangers of the desert past—beneath its sacred walls
Refreshing streams shall greet your eyes, On ! 'tis the
Prophet calls !

The rebel soul alone life's scorn and agony endures,
Embrace, embrace the sacred shrine, and Paradise is
yours !

HEBREW MELODY.

TELL me where my love reposes,
She who dwells among the roses ?
Lo ! the purple light is springing ;
The turtle 'mong the leaves is singing ;

The silent beauty of the palm,
 Is waving 'mid the morning balm ;
 And see ! 'tis now the break of day,
 And the long shadows flee away ;—
 Tell me where my love reposes,
 She who dwells among the roses ?

When in his might the blazing sun
 Hath past the steeps of Lebanon ;
 And, 'neath the flaming of his eye,
 The tow'rs of holy Zion lie,
 And in the splendour of his beam
 Her marble turrets brightly gleam ;—
 In the cool depths of Shenîr's mountain,
 Beside the springings of yon fountain,
 That seems to soothe the panting air,
 Welling its living waters there ;
 She, 'neath the shadowings of the rock,
 Was wont to tend her feeding flock ;—
 Oh, tell me where my love reposes,
 She who dwells among the roses ?

Daughters ! ye fairest of the fair !
 With the soft eyes and shining hair ;
 Judah's ever blooming flowers,
 Splendour of all Eastern bowers ;
 Tell me where the brightest gem,
 Sparkling in Beauty's diadem,
 My own, my fairest, now reposes,
 She who dwells among the roses ?

Oh ! oft in sorrow and in tears,
 With racking doubts and inward fears,
 In anguish from my Love I've parted,—
 Disconsolate and broken hearted :
 And last, beneath the evening ray,
 That crimson'd deep the dying day,
 I left her—say ! where she reposes,
 My fair who dwells among the roses ?

Maids of Judah !—from yon fountain,
 Like a young roe on Bether's mountain,
 See she comes !—the rose of roses,—
 No more I ask where she reposes !



THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.



HIGH on the summit of a cliff that beetled o'er the plain,
 The warrior stood—his fiery eye full flashing in disdain ;
 For in the breakings of the morn, beneath, in myriads lay
 The wild beleaguering hosts that swept his brightest
 hopes away ;

Thick as the pest o'er Mizraim's land the rolling thou-
sands came,

And Judah felt round all her coasts the devastating
flame.

And as he gazed, deep thoughts of wrath his inmost
bosom stirr'd,

As floating on the rising breeze their impious songs he
heard.

From lips unholy—awful thought!—like pestilence there
came,

In horrid mirth—in mutter'd sounds—the Unutterable
Name.

Dark grew his brow—his nervous arm upraised his
shining spear,

Strong in his might, his conscious heart 'mong thousands
knew not fear.

Lo! buried thoughts, a glittering train, rose o'er his
troubled mind,

Like painted clouds before the breath of the soft summer
wind;

He thought of hours of victory, when, borne in blushing
pride,

The wave of beauty rolled along and glitter'd by his side;
When rosy lips, in silver sounds, responded o'er the
plain—

“Saul has his thousands—David has his tens of thou-
sands slain!”

Dark grew the terrors of his brow, when gleaming from
afar,

Thro' its tall palms, sweet Beth'lem's Fount show'd like
a radiant star.

Pure Fountain ! thoughts of deepest love came on that
glance of thine ;

The warrior's tear—his nerveless arm—proclaim the
potent sign :

Yes ! peaceful thoughts of other days, when, round thy
shaded brink,

He watched his bleating flocks, and bore his weakling
lambs to drink !

And 'neath thy shelt'ring palms he raised the consecrated
strain,

And sung the glories of the Heavens—the wonders of
the Main ;

And in the moments of 'rapt thought, with more than
Seraph's fire,

Transcendent Bard ! he swept the strings, and struck
the golden lyre !

Celestial thoughts were his—he cried, "All hail, pellucid
Spring,

Who from thy fountain's lucent wave one cooling draught
may bring ?

Without the gate I see thee gleam, 'twould ease this
burning brow

To know, as oft in other years, thy limpid waters now ;

O! that some valiant arm might gain thine ever-living
spring,

And through the godless hosts, even now, one cooling
draught would bring."

He spoke, and swifter than the bird that loves the moun-
tain crest,

His warriors thro' the embattled lines on to the fountain
prest.—

* * * * *

Exulting to their leader, they in conscious pride return,
Bearing aloft, in blood-stain'd hands, the overflowing
Urn!

He gazed, the sacred vessel took, and o'er the flow'ry sod
Libations pour'd, in pious joy, to Israel's chosen God:—

"Unhallow'd wish—Lord of my life! I consecrate to
Thee

The peril'd draught—Forgive my sin, and still my
Guardian be."

Lord! like the glorious Prototype, we still would cast
our eyes

To the red source whence Zion's wave and cleansing
waters rise;

We, 'mid the shades of changing life, in sunshine, and in
storm,

Would gaze on that most tranquil depth, which nothing
can deform;

And from its holy calmness, we, thro' life's most
chequer'd years,

Would find a balm for agony—an antidote for tears!

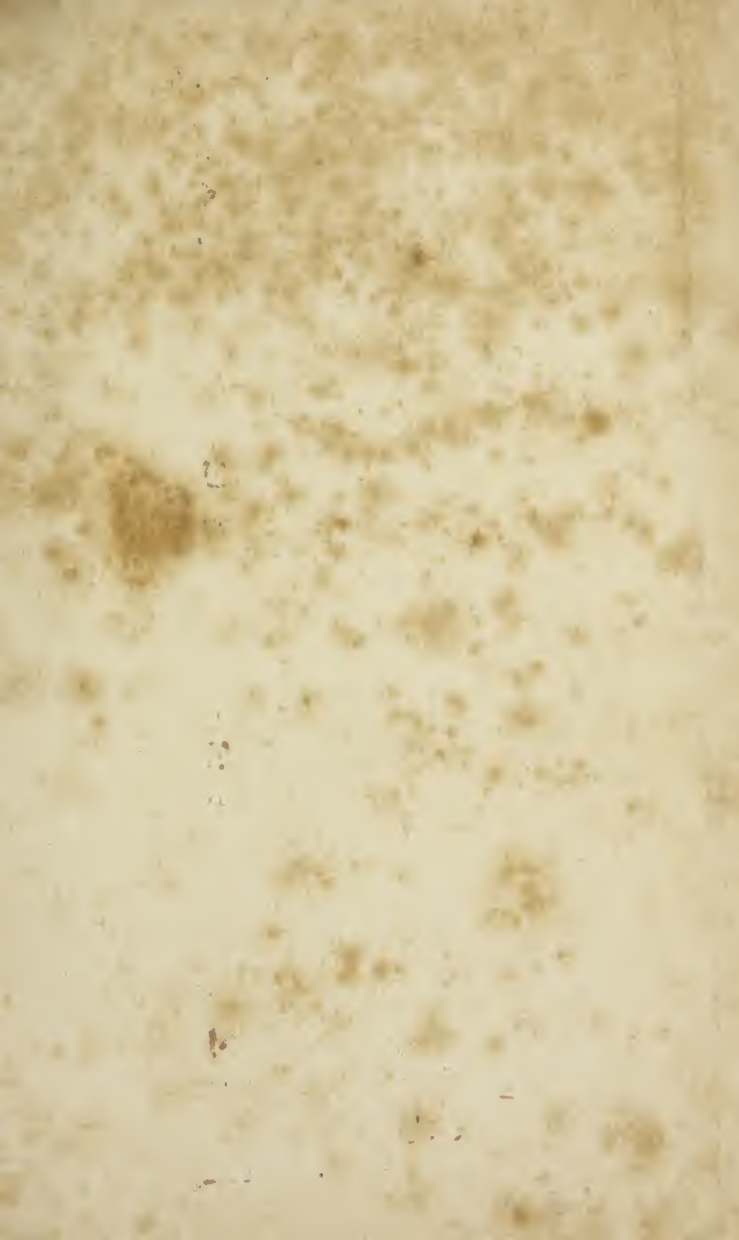
Yes! we would cast our cherish'd hopes, our earth-born
thoughts away,

And, as an off'ring,,at Thy shrine, our brightest tro-
phies lay.

Accept, forgive, this erring heart!—Oh! consecrate our
strain,

And from Thy temple in the skies, smile, smile on us
again!

THE END.



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